TALMAGE.

"Why Do The Wicked Live?" Is Made the Subject of a Discourse.

When God Can Wipe Them Out, What Reason Is There for Their Existence?

The Query Answered-Sinners Are Permitted to Live That They May Re. pent and Prepare to Die -Sin and Satan.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 10 .- Six thousand people as usual thronged the pews, the aisles, the corridors and the adjoining parlors of the immense audience room of the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning. Dr. Talmage read passages of Scripture in which good and bad character was set off in vivid contrast, and gave out the hymn:

"Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake!" The subject discussed was: "Why does God permit Satan and sin to exist, when with one blow He might annihilate them?" The text was Job xxi., 7: "Wherefore do the wicked live?" Following is the ser-

Poor Job-with tusks, with stings, with horns, with hoofs-all the misfortunes of life came on him at once; bankruptcy, be reavements, scandalization, eruptive disease so irritating that he had to re enforce his ten finger nails by a piece of earthenware to scratch himself withal. His wife took the disgnosis of his complaints, and prescribed for him profanity. She thought he would feel better if between the paraxysms of pain and grief he would swear a little; for each boll a plaster of objurgation. Probably no man was ever more tempted to take this bad advice than was Job, when at last his exasperating friends, Eliphz, Bildad and Zophar, came to comfort him: "You old sinner; this serves you right. All this is because you are a hypocrite. What a sight you are! God has chastised you for your wickedness." The disfigured invalid lifts his swollen eyelids and puts down the piece of broken saucer with which he had been rubbing his arms and tells his garralous group of friends that it is often the wicked who have the best health and the most prosperity, and in this connection hurls the question which every man and woman that ever existed has at some conjuncture of events asked: "Why do the wicked live?"

They build up fortunes that overshadow the earth and confound all the life insurance tables on longevity, some of them dying oc-togenarians or perhaps nonagenarians, Ahab in the palace and Naboth in the cabin. Unclean Herod on the throne as d Paul, the consecrated, twisting ropes for tent making. Mannasseh, the worst of all the Kings of Ju dah, lived the longest. While the general rule is that the wicked do not live out half their days, there are instances where they live to great age in paradises of beauty and luxury and die with a whole college of physicians expending its skill in the attempt for further prolongation, and then have a funeral with casket under mountains of Calla lily and a procession with all the finest equipage of the city flashing and jingling into line, taking the poor angle-worm of the dust out to its hole in the ground with a pomp that might make the passing spirit from some other world think that the Archangel Michael was dead. Go up among the great residences of our cities and read the door plates, and see how many of them held the names of men mighty for commercial or social

VAMPIRES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Gorgons of the ages. Every wheel of their carriages is a juggernaut wet with the blood of those sacrificed to their avarice and evil design. Men who are like Caligulia, who wished that all people were in one neck that he might be cut off at one blow. On! the slain! the slain! What a procession of libertines, of usurers, of infamous quacks, of least observations of the slain. legal charlatans, of world grabbing monsters. What apostles of despoliation! What demons incarnate! Thousands of men who have concentrated all their energies of body, mind and soul into one prolonged and everintensified and unrelenting effort to sacrifice and blast and consume the world. I do not blame you for asking the quivering, throbbing, burning, resounding, appalling question of the text, "Why do the wicked

First, they live to demonstrate beyond controversy the long suffering patience of the wicked are allowed to live so that their God. You rouse up and say: "I will not overthrow may be the more impressive, stand it any longer," but perhaps you are compelled to stand it. God, with all His batteries of omnipotence, loaded with thunderbolts, stands it century after century. Sometimes, I have no doubt, an angel comes up and bege that he may unlimber the batteries, crying: "Now is the time to strike." "No," says God, "wait a year, wait twenty years, wait a century, wait five hundred years." What God does is not so wonderful as what he does not do. He has enough 1eserve corps to sweep from the earth Mormonism, Mohammedanism, paganism, in one day. He could take all the frauds of New York City on the west side of Broadway and in an hour pith them into the Hudson, and all the frauds of New York on the east side of Broadway, and in an hour pitch them into the East River. He understands the combination lock of every dishonest money safe in Christendom, and could blow it up quicker than by any erthly explosive. Written all over the earth from east to west and from north to south, and all over history Forbearance, Divine Long-suffering." It is a wooder to me that God did not burn up the world 2 000 years ago, and scatter the ashes through immensity, its aerolites dropping into other worlds and kept in their museums as specimens of a defunct planet. People talk of God as though He were hasty with His jadgments, and No! Before the ancient deluge the people quick. were warned 120 years to get aboard Noah's ark. The Anchor line gives only a month's notice of the sailing of the Circassia, the White Star line only a month's notice of the Britannic, the Canard line only a month's notice of the sailing of the Oregon, but of the salling of that first ship under Nosh the commander, God, gave 120 years of notice. Pa-Patience in times Adamic, Mosaic, Davidic, Paulineic, Lutherean, Wnitfieldian, Patience with men. Patience with nations. Patience with barbarians and civilizations. Six thousand years of patience, over-towering attribute of a God all of whose attributes are immeasurable.

WHY DO THE WICKED LIVE?

To make the overthrow of sin more cli-

very high, so that whole communities may | ford to wait. The clock of destiny strikes see it; very high, so that all continents may see it; yery bigh, so that all the world may are it. The higher it rises the harder it will fall and the greater the vindication of rightequaners. Sin is not to be permitted to sneak out of the world in silence. It is not merely to resign and quit. It is not a case to go by default because no one appears against it. It is to be sria'gned, handcuffed, put in prisoner's box, condemned by the verdict of all the good, and gibbeted so high that if one part of the gibbet stood on Mount Washington and the other on the Himalayahs, it would not be any more conspicuous. About fifteen Frame ego we had an illu-trious instance of how God leis a man go on

only to make his undoing the more impressive as a moral lesson. Frst an honest chairmaker, then Aldermen, then Member of Congress, then Supervisor of the City, then Echool Commissioner, then State Senator, then Commissioner of the Department of Public Works. On and up; stealing thousands of dollars here and thousands of dollars there, swindling on the largest scale of malfeatance ever witnessed in the country. so that the new City Court House of New York is a monument of municipal crime, having cost more than the Capitol at Washington or the Parliament Houses of London. and increasing the city debt from thirty-six millions of dollars to ninety-seven million.

Now he stands high up in millionairedom. Country seats, terraced and arbored and par-terred to the water's brink. Horses enough to stock a king's equerry. Grooms and pos-tillions in full rig. Wine cellars enough to make whole Legislatures drunk. New York politics and finances in his vest pocket. He winked and officials went down. He lifted his little finger and ignorance took high place. He whispered and at Albany and Washington people said it thundered.
Higher up and higher up until pandemonium seemed about to adjourn to this world, and there was some pro pect that in the Satanic realm there would be a change of adm nistration, and that Apollyon, after holding dominion so long, would have an earthly competitor. To bring all to a climax a wed ding came in the house of that man. Diamonds as large as hickory nuts. A pin of sixty diamonds representing sheaves of wheat. Musicians in a semi-circle half hidden by a great harp of flowers-ships of flowers. Forty silver sets, one of them with 245 pieces. One wedding dress that cost \$5,600 A famous libertine who owned several Long Island Sound steamboats, and not long before he was shot for his crimes, sent as a wedding present to that house a frosted silver iceberg, with representations of Arctic bears walking on icicle handles and ascending the spoons. Never such a convocation of bronzes, of pictures. of shawls. The highest wave of New York splendor rolled in upon the scene and recoiled, never to again rise so high. But at the moment when all observation of earth and hell was concentrated upon the scene eternal justice, impersonated in that wonder of the American bar, Charles O'Conor, got on the track of the offender. First arrest, then indictment, then sentence of twelve years imprisonment on twelve indictments, then penitentiary on Blackwell's Island; then suit against him for \$6,000,000; then Ludlow-street jail; then escape and flight in a foreign country; then return under tight grip of the constabulary, and death from a broken heart in a prison cell. Allowed to go on until all the world learned as never be fore that the way of the transgressor is hard, that dishonesty does not pay a permanent dividend, that a man had better be an industrious chair-maker on day's wages than a traudulent Commissioner of Public Works with all his pockets crammed with plunder.

How proudly in history sounded the name of William the Conqueror! Intimidator of France and Anjou and Brittany, victor at Hastings, snatching the English crown, driving people from their homes that he might have a game forest, making a doomsday book by which all the land was put under despotic espionage, to avenge a joke at his obesity proclaiming war, trampling harvests, fields and vineyards under cavalry hoof until nations were horror struck. But of that apex of renown, while he was riding one day, his horse put forefoot on a hot cinder and plunged, wounding the rider against the pommel of the saddle so that he died, his son hastening to England to get the crown before his father's breath ceased. The imperial corpse, coffinless, carried in a cart, and most of the attendants leaving it in the street at a fire alarm, that they might go and see the conflagration, the burial in the church one who cried: "Bishop, the man whom thou hast praised was a robber; the very ground on which we are standing is mine and is the site where my father's house stood. He took it from me by violence to build this church upon it. I reclaim it as my right and in the name of God I forbid you to bury him here or cover him with glebe." "Go up," said the ambition of William the Conquator, "Go up by way of a throne, go up by way of "Come down," says God, "come down by the way of a miserable death. Come down by the way of ignominious obsequies. Come down in the sight of all nations. Come clear down. Come forever down!"

So, all around us, though on smaller scale, memorable and climacteric

SIN AND ITS AUTHOR, SATIN.

And what I say of sin may be said of Satan, its author sometimes called Abaddon, the dragon, the serpent, Apoliyon, the Prince of the power of the air. That there is a commander-in-chief of all evil no one doubts. The Persians called him Ahriman, the Hindoos called h m Siva. In mediaeval times he was represented on canvas as a mythological combination of Thor. Cerbarus, Pan, Vulcan and other horable addenda, But, whatever you call him, this monster is abroad, and only for destructive purposes. Although Milton sometimes glorified him by splendor of description, he is the concentration of all meanness and despicability. My little child of seven years asked her mother; Why does not God kill the devil at once and have done with it?" In less ter e phrase we have all asked the same question. It is promised that he shall be put back into the pit and chained. Why not lead the old miscreant into his dan now? It would seem that he has done enough to close the chapter of infamy. His work in the last half century would make an appropriate peroration. No: God is going to let him get to the tiptop of all endeavor and then, while all the earth, and all the so'ar system, and all constellations and galaxies and the universe are watching, hurl him down with a violence and horror enough to teach 500 eternities that the most acute and prolonged and stupendous rebellion against God and rightecusness shall come down into a crash of everlasting ruin. God is not going to do it by piecemeal. He is not going to do it in small skirmish. He is waiting till the forces are marshaled, and some day, when in confident and defiant mood at the head of his army this great Goliath of hell stalks forth, our champion, the Son of David, will strike him down, not with smooth stones from the brook but with a fragment of the Rock of Ages. Yet this will not be done until the giant of evil and his holy antagonist stand fully within sight of the two great armies of Heaven and hell. This tragedy only pottponed to make the scene more warningly reason why God does not kill the devil. It dead from joyful excitement. Oh, if this out at sunset—had given ground to certain send for my lawyer."

Is not quite time yet to kill him. He pa- moment the long conflict between your soul distant relations to petition for a guardian She never left the house and let no one

enly once in a thousand years.
Sometimes God lets the wicked live that they may build that which righteousness may appropriate for good uses. At the last meeting of our church court we were told of a college started at the Far West by infidels. There was to be in it no nonsense of chapel prayers, and the obsolete Bible was not to be found there. The faculty was made up of the enemies of Christianity. The college buildings were reared and the work begun. But such an institution could not prosper. A minister of the Presbyterian Church was in a bank one day on business, and he overheard in an autaning room the oo lege Board of Trustees disoussing what they bad better do with their college, as they could not make it go any longer. One of them said: "Let us turn it over to the Presbyterians," prefacing the word "Presby terians" with a profane expletive. The motion carried, and that college, built as a fortress of skeptic'sm, has become a fortress of old-fashioned, orthodox religion. The devil built it; righteous ness captured it. So there are in our cities very expensive club-houses, the architecture and the furniture and all the equipment a bedszz'ement of wealth, smployed in making gambling and dissipation respectable. But fret not; these buildings will yet be free libraries, or hospitals, or

GALLERIES OF PURB ART. Observatories have been put up at vaster. pense by monomaniac; of athism, and, the first you know, they are in possession of Christian science. God said He would put a hook into the nose of Sennacheribs and turn him, and all the modern Sennacheribs of infidelity and sin have a hook in their nose and are turned this way and that at the Lord wills it. Great marble halls now devoted to siuful amusements will yet be dedicated for religious assemblage. All these castles of sin will surrender under the battle cry with which Oliver Cromwell led his army on the field of Naseby: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered!" After the great London fire there was found the ruins of a house with nothing standing but the arch, showing the name of the architect who constructed it, and on these great rains of hu-manity that astounded the world are marked the name of the God who built them and the blackening sins that consumed them. Some of the worst men God has harnessed for special mission. Witness, Cyrus and Nebuchadnezzar. With the bayonets of a bad man the Bastile was pried open. Some of the most selfish and wicked merchants have by their talent opened new fields for lawful commerce.

God sometimes lets the wicked live, that they may be monuments of his mercy. It was so with John Newton, it was so with John Bunyan, it was so with Augustin. Per haps it is so with you and me. Those chie's of sinners became chiefs of grace. Paul, the Apostie, made out of Saul, the persecuto . Baxter, the evangelist, made out of Baxter, the blasphemer. Whole squadrons with streamers of Emanuel flying from the mis head, though they were launched from the dock-yards of diabolism. He lets them live because he is going to make jewels out of them for coronets, tongues of fire out of them for Pentecosts, warriors out of them for Ac mageddon, conquerors out of them to ride at the head of the White Horse Guards in the great review of the last day.

God lets the wicked live that all may un derstand that there must be another world for adjustments. So many of the bad up and so many of the good down. There must be a piace where brilliant scoundrelism shall be arraigned and innocence arise from under the heel of oppression. Common fairness as well as eternal justice demands it. To the Grand Assize we must adjourn the stupendone injustices of this life. They are not righted here. There must be some place where they will be righted. God can not atford to omit the judgment day or a recon struction of conditions. You can not make me believe that that man stifled with abominations, having devoured widows' houses and digested them and looked with basilisk or tigerish eyes on his fellows, liking no music so well as the sound of breaking hearts. is going at death to get out of his landau at the front door of the sepulcher and pass right through to the back door of the sepulcher and there get into a celestial turnout aiready hitched up to drive tandem up the primrosed hills, one glory riding as lackey shead, and another glory riding as postilion behind, while that poor woman who sup-ported her invalid husband and helpless children by taking in washing and ironing, often putting her hand to her side where a cancerous trouble had already begun is work, and falling dead late one night while trying to get one of the children's garments ready for the Sabbath day, and going afoot into the front door of the sepulcher, is to cross to its back door and find no one waiting, no one to say: "I am glad you have come," and no one to show her the way to the King's gate. It can not be. Solomon bemoaned the princes afoot and the beggars a-horseback, and there must be a time waen the right foot shall get into the stirrur. To demonstrate to all the world that there must be another state for rearranging these inequalities, God lets the wicked live. GOD LETS THE WICKED LIVE

for the reason that he has let us live-to give us time for happiness. What would you and I have been if God had followed sin with immediate catastrophe? What a mercy God has according to the Canticles, the fleet foot of the roebuck when He goes to save. He moves as though hoppled by great languo: and infinite lethargies when He comes to publish. I celebrate God's adjournments. and God's postponements, and God's puttings off of retribution. The slower the rail train moves the better, if the drawbridge is off. Let our impatient criticism of Providence because that man by watering stock makes a million by one awoop and keeps it, and these other men roll on in bloated arrogance all their days, be exchanged for gratisude everlasting that God did let us live when we deserved nothing but capsizes and demolition. How long have you lived unpardoned? Fifteen years? twenty years? forty years? sixty years? You have lived through great religious awakenings, through domestic calamities, through business disthrough a'arming illness, through providences that startled na tions, and living yet strangers to God and duty, and with no hope for a future into which any moment you may be precipitated. Through Jesus Christ get your nature revoutionized and transfigured, for God sometimes changes his guit, and instead of the deliberate step he becomes a swift witness, and people in your state may be suddenly destroyed, and without remedy. Give up your war against God and have Him your eternal ally. When King Philip, of France, led his army with bows and arrows to fight King Edward III. of England, at the most critical time in the battle a shower of rain so dissolved the bow-strings that they were of no effect, and Philip's army was worsted. And, my bearers, all your weaponry will be as nothing when God rains upon your discomfiture out of the beavens. But safe are all those who have God for friend instead of foe. The chariots of God are 20,000. Change alle- when I was first grown she giance! Take down the old flag and run up healthy and hard and clear. the new one! The American Congress, during the time of the American Revolution, were for long days in anxiety to know whether the army of Washington or the army of Cornwallis would conquer, and when | headed as ever though quite a hundred years the news finally arrived at the door of Congress that Cornwallis had surrendered and and tremendously climasteric. That is the the war was over, the doorseeper dropped all in her house-even all servants locked reason why God does not kill the devil. It dead from joyful excitement. Oh, if this out at support bed given ground to

the glad tidings would soon reach Heaven. and nothing but he supernatural health of your glorified loved once could keep them from prostration from over-joy at the close of spiritual hostilities.

KNOTTY PROBLEMS.

Our readers are invited to furnish original enigmas, chrades, riddles, rubses and other "knotty problems," addressing all communications relative to this department to E. B. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.

No. 1195,-A Star of the East, I srose in the East like a beautiful star. And my light to the distance streamed fearless and far. And the hope and the stay of a glorious nation Came kneeling to me in his mad adoration. I lifted him up to my magical chair, And the world never looked on so matchless a

We dazzled the! arth in our splender and pride, Till myslorious Fomen was snaoched from my Then I ended my life in the Orient far. And there never has tallen such a beautiful star.

> No 1196 -An Anagram. A fisherman caught a fish Waich had a thorny fin, And he held the fish aloit and said, "Ah! a poet can try gin." Q. B

No. 1197 -A Charade. Fometimes our way is first beset, And skies grow dark around us. But let us scorn to weekly fret though troubleus times paye found us. The last of life is trim and tough, Sne'll bear the tempest finely, Or if it be that we must sink, Then let us sink sublimery.

Trim up the salls and halliards round. And let the lost go sliding, And let her buffet every all Upon the gale a-11ding; Let every slightest motion tell,
And every thought be timery.
But if it be that you must sing. Then sink, my fri ad, sublimely!

> No. 1198 -A Truth Teller. Faithful to beauty's charms and grace, The form of loveliness I trace; But every blemish I detect, And point out every defect.

Though long a favorite with the fair, I sometimes fill them with dispair; Still I'm consulted every day By the old and young, the sad and gay.

All fly to me so famed for truth, Uninfluenced by age or youth; For I do not flatter or de fame; Now, try if you can guess my name.

No. 1199 .- There's Something to It. In every crowd I can be seen; I'm black and white, and also green; I'm purple, yellow, red and blue; Before your eyes you see me too. I'm thick, I'm thin, I'm weak, I'm strong; I'm light, I'm heavy, I'm short, I'm long; I'm in the vale, I'm on the hill, Wherever you look you see me still, I'm hard, I'm soft, I'm cold, I'm hot: You ofttimes cook me in the pot. walk, I run, I creep, I jump; You often find me in a lump. I stand erect full six feet high, Yet on the ground you see me lie, 'm large, I'm small, I'm great, I'm grand; This moment I am in your hand. I'm higher than toe highest tree; I'm deeper than the deepest sea. I often do your minds engage; Sometimes i put jou in a rage.
Again i fill your hearts with joy,
Your peace of mind I may desiroy. The ladies wear me on their backs. And hang me up upon their racks. Some men for me would lose their lives, They love me better than their wives. Say what am I. ye learned swains, I'll give you total for your pains. P. J. McCov.

No 1200 .- A Great Jump. I never was or could be one. But in extremes am almays met

Of penury or plenty.

I would be nothing found alone,
But after two should I be set I then would jump to twenty. No. 1201 -A Riddle.

A husky ball I am, or slender cone;
A solid shaft, I raise my head on high:
I drop to earth or by the wind am blown;
I stand unsnaken, and the storm defy.

AN.

The May Offer. The reader sending in the best lot of answers to the "Knotty Problems" of May will receive Pope's postical works, nicely bound in cloth. The solutions for each week shou'd be forwarded within six days after the date of the Sentinel containing the puzzles an-

April 8 Award

The prize offered for the best answers dur-ing April is awarded Maggie Bishop, Indianapolis. The list forwarded by Gertrude A. Mahonney, Irvington ranked second in size; and t at of R. Eaton, Greeley, Col., came

Answers. 1182.-A soap-bubble.

1183.—Rest. 1184.-Madam, I'm Adam. 1185,-Foist, first, fit. CHELIDONISMA.

Chel'donisma is "The Swallow Song." an old, popular song of the return of the swallows, which the boys of Rhodes went about singing, of which the refrain meant, "He has come, has come the swallow!" is reported by Athenseus about A. D. 200. 1187.—Summer. 1188 .- Mist-rust.

A Talent in a Napkin. Mrr. Jessie Benton Fremont in May Wide

When the Government built a broad macadamized highway to connect the Ohio River and "western" travel with Washing. ton, it was considered so fine a work that it was named "The National Road," and the public men connected with it made much reputation, and the contractors great fortunes.

The wife of one of these used to come for the winters to Washington, driving from her home near Wheeling in her coach-and four. After the death of her husband she came less often and in d'minished state, but always with conscious importance.

She had special interest in me, and always repeated for me the story of her saving my life; how I, as a three year-old child, had (on our way to St. Louis) been seized with such a violent attack of croup that my father had turned off the highroad into the nearest house-which was hers; how she instantly ran with me to where some boiling water was being used and gave me the saving hot bath-and how our people rested with her until it was again safe to take me on the journey. From which came our established attentions to Mrs. Crugar when she was in Washington.

Although she was not a cengenial person she had a very clear mind, was remarkably well-up in National matters, and understood the reason's for our country's development. She was otherwise well read also; but singularly without any sympathies. She had had no children, and though a very old woman when I was first grown she was perfectly

She had passed out of my mind until we were in Wheeling (West Virginia) in the early days of the war, where I had the surprise to learn she was still living and as clear

Her resolute living alone, with no one at macteric. They must pile up their mischief I tient. If God can afford to wait you can a! | and God could terminate in your surrender, | to protect her and her property. The old la- | come into it but for her personal wants by

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dy asked to come into open court and prove , day. Broths, eggs and milk, made her food; her capacity. She came off with flying colors. It was made sure that she was not only distinct as regarded the past, but as her memory of passing events was questioned she trinumphantly told the Judge of a business scan-dal with which his family name had lately been associated, and was let to go her own way unmolested.

We were told it was a risk to make the visit, for she was a few miles out of towa in a hilly country; but I was in a light carriage, and accompanied by the General and a party of officers on horseback; men who knew how

to look out and what to do if attacked. It was lovely May weather and everything in beauty, but no work was going on, for all the men were in one or the other army; you can't think how sad it is to see war in posses-

sion of homesteads. Coming out of the high, close hills, we crossed a gay, sparkling river and found ourselves in the meadows belonging to "The Stone House." All roads and paths were lost in the unchecked growth of many years and the long grasses smothered the sounds of

wheels and horses as we drove quite up to the door. A long closed door. The broad slabs of stone making its once handsome steps had sunk like old gravestones and lay awry upon each other. It was a well-built house of dressed stone very large and solid, with the usual detached

kitchen and long row of "negro quarters." From these poured out a shining-faced, fat, smiling biack crowd-old and young-scary young ones holding on to their mammies and peeping around at our group of uniformed officers-'Linkum's sojers." They scattered so when first spoken to that I fol lowed up a woman with a heavy baby and made her comprehend we only wanted to see Mrs. Crugar. "Ole Mis"?"

"Yes. Go in and take this card. Tell her she saved my life when I was a baby and bad croup mighty bad, and I want to see

She was afraid to venture in, but we made her, and she ran back, radiant; we were to Going back to the front door we found "Ole Mis" " had had is unlocked for as and

the signting oun sent its yellow light upon the thick, thick dust of the broad, long Ib a large library lined with books we found seared there, the old lady, who knew perfectly all about me and understood why my armed men rode down her glen. She

tailed wonderfully of the conditions that caused the war and of one inevitable result; but all with no interest or feeling, merely knowledge. She was carefully dressed in rich black satin with a cap of beautiful old yellow lace,

with its be bows of crange and red ribbons on top and broad strings of the same tled under ber ohin; the inevitable false hair, dark, was framed in with rich lace quillings. Her age told in the skip of face and hands which were like crimped parchment, but the lips were firm, and the eyes, deep set in wrinkled lide, were still dark and keen. She had in her band a volume of the Spec

tator, which she said was writing she liked Her old books were the only kind she cared for. "But I know all that's going on." she said: "I take a New York daily paper (the Tribune it was, as we saw by the pile on the table beside her) and the Wheeling paper. And when she wanted other information, "I

a bowl of milk and some bread was beside her on a small table-her regular supper she said, after which, at six o'clock, she locked the door and remained quite alone all night.

"But," I asked, "suppose you are ill?"
"Well, but I never am. Maybe you think
I might die here all alone? So I might. But I have been alive over a hundred years and my time must come—and I might as well be alone then for nobody can keep it off." She remembered her duties as hostess and

said it might please "the young people to go up stairs; there was a ballroom there and they might dance if they liked. "It's twenty-five years since I cared to go up there,' she said. "Sometimes I send the women up to clean but I don't know if they do." (She looked after them with some interest then said, disapprovingly, "They are fine young men to be throwing their lives

The young people found it so carious that they made me go up. The ballroom was across the whole front of the house, with many windows and a handsome carved marble fireplace at each end and deep closets either side of these fireplaces.

Like Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Crugar would seem to have kept all her fine clothes. The whole walls were hung thick with dresses of sile and satin and velvet, "pelisses" trimmed with fur, braided riding habits, and elaborately trimmed mantels of queer rich damasked black silks; while the closets had endless bonnets and caps and turbans-those bonnets of tremen dous size and fine leghorn straw costing from fitty to a hundred dollars, and their veils to the knee of fine old English lace; gold and siver India muslin and fine gold embroidered cashmers turbans. Such things made a museum of fashions from about 1820 to 1840. Then seclusion had

There were treasures of good lace in shawls and lace vetls of great length-levely things for front breadths. Some were in old Eng. lish Honiton, a charming refined lace; large cares with long sashends, in tine French needlework on muslin, and frilled righly with yards upon yards of Mechlin or spidery Brussa's lace; and there was a shawl and some flounces of vellowed Geantsh blonge which it was distracting to see unuse 1. Same India scarfs were left -- we familed the shawle

might have gone to the negro quarters The air of the room was still and deadonly light ever penetrated there. Adjoining was a bed-room with all things in perfect order-to the eve The plump, high feather bed and pillows had their fine time stained old linen, and on the toilet table, which had the usual dimity cover and hangings, was a large pincushion. One of the officers andidentally rested his hand on this when to his shock it crumbled into flatness.'

The world astir outside-the civil war in full progress-here the silence of the grave before death.

It seemed inhuman to leave her so. She said we had best start, that we had four miles of hilly road and the country not safe; "and it's time for me to get to bed." But as we looked back through the sunset at the silent house and pictured that solitary old figure putting itself away for the night, we asked ourselves if that life was worth living. Aud. by way of answer, above the ringing trot of the horses and clank of sabre and spur, ross cheerfully a round young voice singing out his favorite German war-song:

> "The bullets ring-The riders shout! We ride where death is lying.'s